A Brief

RHYTHMICAL COMPOSITION:

Of some

Conſpicuous Affairs

Of this

WORLD.

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The

Apologetical Epiſtle.

AS it manifeſtly appears that nothing can be more obvious to Mankind, than the Frailty of humane Nature, it may therefore be reaſonably thought not amiſs, to make ſome Reflection on it: And 'tis to be hop'd, it cannot juſtly be deem'd offenſive to any one, to produce ſome evident Inſtances of the Matter, by way of Obſervation. It may doubtleſs be confidently ſuppos'd not offenſive, when ingenuouſly render'd with impartial Judgment, as will moſt palpably appear in the enſuing Concern: The Entierity of which being compendious, that the True and Impartial Scope of it, may ſpeedily and with great Facility be thorowly diſcern'd: And conſequently

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quently (by a favourable Reception) may be concluded equitably worthy of Approbation. And ſince there appears nothing in the following Compoſure but what is plauſible, nay probably may, without any tranſgreſſion of Modeſty, be peremptorily declared really juſt, and allowable: It therefore can ſcarce ſeem requiſite to make a tedious and tautological Apology, hoping that what has been already ſaid may compleatly ſuffice: Briefly concluding with infinite Submiſſion to the Judicious.

A Brief

Rhythmical Compoſition

Of ſome

Conſpicuous Affairs of this World.

THIS Mortal State is full of Care, and of Perplexity,
And many in't can well affirm, the ſame for Verity.
Our Minds are apt to fluctuate, like to a troubled Sea,
That's mov'd with boiſt'rous wind and ſtorm, often by Night and Day
In vain Purſuits we do go on, and cannot find ſucceſs:
So by which Means it does not yield, one Taſte of Happineſs.
By Things deluſive we are drawn, and moved with each Blaſt;
Of Tranſient Pleaſure and Delight, which little Time do laſt,
Inconſtant and uncertain are Enjoyments in this State,
Although ſo many are now plac'd, upon a Splendid Seat.
No Certitude can here be found, but doubtful is it all,
Nay, thoſe who are in Pomp ſo great, may quickly have a Fall.
Cou'd we our Follies but perceive, and learn the ſame to ſhun;
Our Duty to's wou'd eaſy ſeem, if that were once begun.
But backward and remiſs are we, in this important Caſe,
Nay to't we are ſtill ſo averſe, that from't we turn our Face:
Our Aptitudes repugnant are, to Rules of Sapience,
And well do ſuit with Things abſurd, wherein is no Prudence.
Strictly do Mortals ſtrive to find, a Way to ſatisfy,
Their Appetites inordinate, and few do them deny.
Each Man his Humour much eſteems, and highly does it prize,

And

And ſtill endeavours earneſtly, the ſame for to ſuffice.
Much do Affections of Mankind, differ and diſagree;
What one delights ſtill to behold, another hates to ſee.
Great Folly oft, one thinks he ſees another much attend:
And not conſiders how much WIL', he to the ſame does lend.
Folly's a Matter that conſiſts, in Acts as unlike are,
And in ſome one or other of't, all well may claim a Share.
And if each one the Matter weigh, prudently in his Mind,
Some Folly and Futility, he in himſelf may find;
All Men on Earth, imperfect are, and do amendment lack,
Accor ing to the old Proverb, *Ev'ry Bean has its Black*:
No Perſon can well here be found, to be compleatly Wiſe,
Nor yet at all Times ſo diſcreet, with Reaſon to advi'e.
But Wiſdom 't is for any one, with Earneſtneſs to try,
His own great Failings to amend, before He others pry.
He that for Wiſdom ſtriveth much, and doth the ſame obtain;
Uundoubtedly 'twill him procure, Utility and Gain.
The greateſt Wiſdom does conſiſt, in rightly minding this,
That is the Way which truly leads, to everlaſting Bliſs.
And any Creature rational, may well aſſured be,
That Ve tue is the Road direct, without uncertainty:
Becauſe it is a Thing that doth, all Goodneſs in't contain;
And cloſely ſhutteth up the ſame, excluding all that's Vain.
Happy is he that doth delight, much in this Path to go,
And thinketh all the Time too ſmall, that he does there beſtow.
Moſt highly does the ſame conduce, to Quietneſs and Reſt,
Of all Availments that can be, it may be ſtil'd the beſt.
A Quality moſt precious 'tis, and choice above all Things,
And all that is therein repos'd, to good Effect it brings.
Although it is a Thing almoſt, now out of Faſhion brought,
Yet ſtill moſt decent 'tis to have, a Habit with it wrought.
But few Alas! there are propenſe, to this moſt weighty Thing,
Although it does infallibly, true Conſolation bring.
Nothing more manifeſt can be, than that moſt Men are bent,
In Vice's Path moſtly to walk, 'till their ſhort Life is ſpent.
The Influence of Pravity, does very much abound,
Which with a little Scrutiny, may very ſoon be found.
The vicious Act of Drunkenneſs, does plainly now appear,
And whoſo is addicted to't, great Cauſe he has to fear.

Conſulting

Conſulting the Perniciouſneſs, of ſuch a Habit rude,
As 'tis a Thing that ſurely doth all Goodneſs quite exclude.
'Tis plain nothing more diſagree, than Vice and Virtue do,
Therefore 'tis certain that they will never together go.
He that in this ſame Act delights, and to it bends his Mind,
Small ſhare of Goodneſs he'll poſſeſs, he certainly will find.
A Thing it is that does deprive the intellect of Senſe,
And candid Virtue ſhutteth out, which is the Soul's Defence.
And when the Soul that Strength has loſt, moſt feeble it will be,
And lie expos'd continually, to fatal Miſery.
The trueſt Means and ſureſt Way, ſuch Hazard to prevent,
Is to avoid Ebriety, and to it ne'er be bent.
'Tis certain ſuch an Habit is, an Introduction ſure,
To other Practices moſt vile, and ſhamefully impure.
A temulent and ſottiſh Wretch, his precious Time does ſpend,
In Rioting and great Exceſs, ſtill thoughtleſs of an End.
When with ſtrong Liquor he is fill'd, ſtill more he does deſire.
And loth he is at any Time, from Tippling to retire.
Vain Epicure he daily does, Voluptuouſneſs purſue,
And never ſtrives with any Force, his Paſſions to ſubdue.
Baſe Libertines as they do think, much Happineſs enjoy,
Tho' ſure it is if taken right, they do themſelves annoy,
Such Perſons as are ſo diſpos'd, to ſuch Proceedings vile,
Not only overthrow themſelves, but others do beguile;
Their Converſation tainting is, and many does pollute,
And by that Cauſe they often do, their Company recruit.
None can ſuch baſe Society, too much ſlight and diſdain,
And why, becauſe it greatly does, good Reputation ſtain.
A Man of Reſolution good, and ſtable in the ſame,
A potent Guard he'll always keep, over his own good Name.
Yet notwithſtanding ſuch an one, may ſometimes undergo,
Diſgrace and Shame tho' undeſerv'd, by ſome traducing Foe.
By ill Report of Sycophants, falſe Imputations riſe,
For they the Guiltleſs often blame, and ſorely ſcandalize:
Such Perſons do take great Delight, their Neighbours to defame,
And oft endeavour with great might, to blemiſh their good Name.
And when they ſee one whom they ſpite, in Fault at any Time,
They preſently aggrandize it into a hainous Crime.

Their buſineſs they do it make, the World for to imbroil,
And Methods uſe with means direct, good Friendſhip for to ſpoil.
When they a Tale can apprehend, they will it firſt report,
Uuto ſuch ones as will take Care, the ſame well to ſupport.
Their Fictions they do well compoſe, and flouriſh them with Air,
And for to propagate the ſame, do take a mighty Care.
Such Miſcreants greatly rejoice, when ever they can ſee,
The Neighbourhood at Variance, and full of Enmity.
No Apellation can there be, too mean for thoſe we ſee,
So highly prone unto the Act of hateful Calumny.
The Thing deteſtable it is, and whoſo's wedded there,
Of the Abhorrence muſt expect, to have an equal Share.
By ſuch like ones Diſunion's caus'd, when they their Wills obtain,
Which Quality no Chriſtian can, too much hate and diſdain.
A Meeting they do much affect, when that they furniſh'd are,
With Partiſans well qualify'd, to help in ſuch Affair.
They each ones Converſation do, greatly affect and love,
And do each Tale highly commend, and much of it approve.
Thoſe Slanderers when they convene, into Society,
Their Tongues abuſive, well do chime, into a Harmony.
The ſound of an Invective charms, their Ears with Melody,
And elevates them to a Pitch, of great Vivacity.
They at a Story greatly graſp, like to a Miſer who,
For Gold and Silver always doth, his Strength and Might beſtow.
A *Fabulator* when he has, a Story well by Heart,
To any who'll Attention give, he will the ſame impart.
As for the Wretch, he does amaſs, his Wealth and mighty Store,
And loth he is for to confer, one Pittance on the Poor.
Inſatiably he does proceed, and never has enough,
Until that he compleatly can, each Bag with Treaſure ſtuff.
Himſelf he's always apt to think, moſt Poor and indigent,
And by that Quality he doth, ſtill dwell in diſcontent.
The Thing which is call'd Avarice, the Wretch doth inſtigate,
And pricks the Mind inceſſantly, that it is ne'er ſedate.
The poor Coſmodelyte does dread, the Storms of Poverty,
Although no Danger in that Caſe, he any Time can ſee.
He to his Bags does oft reſort, his Treaſure for to View,
Which always doth undoubtedly, his Eagerneſs renew,

His

His Mind he daily does apply, unto the Love of Gain,
And paſſes through this mortal State, in needleſs Toil and Pain.
He to hard Labour freely goes, and moils 'till Hunger ſeize,
So fiercely that he cannot bear't, longer with any Eaſe.
Then to his Home he does return, to feed on what is there,
And that perhaps without much doubt, is but indifferent Chear.
He has not Power to forbear, the purchaſing of Wealth,
While on the Earth he does ſubſiſt, in a good State of Health.
And when Indiſpoſition comes, upon his Body frail,
Immediately Anxiety does his poor Heart aſſail.
Much terrify'd with Fear and dread, of loſing his delight,
That is his plenteous ſtore which he, has gain'd by ſervile might.
A Worldly Wretch ſtill is confin'd, under Servility,
Which does deprave, nay quite deſtroys, ſerene Tranquillity.
And that's the greateſt Comfort which, poor Mortals can poſſeſs,
And may if any can on Earth, be termed Happineſs.
What greater Solace can there be, or who can ever find,
In this our Life what does tranſcend, Tranquillity of Mind?
And conſequently ſuch ones do, this Quality poſſeſs,
Whoſe greedy Minds and vain Deſires, run not unto Exceſs.
Tho' ſome Things here ſeem optable, yet trifling are 'tis plain;
And no Compariſon they are, to an Eternal Gain.
Oh! that all Men cou'd be ſo wiſe, ſtill to diſpoſing be;
Themſelves for that undoubted Thing, termed Supremity.

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